

A Dream

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Summary: Cassie's Dream. Lot 'o symbolism.

A Dream

_A dream/monologue thingy. Interesting symbolism.Cassie POV.PWP. _

I was standing in the middle of a forest. The trees were lush, and somehow I knew that the rains had been good.

A redtail flew over me, chasing a mouse. Then the mouse started to grow. First it turned into an Andalite, then a human, then a hork-bajir, and then a human again. The redtail just kept chasing it.

"No, Tobias, you'll be hurt!" I started to shout, but I couldn't move my lips.

[Interesting,] said a voice in my head. That's when I realized I had been infested.

The redtail landed on the person's shoulder. The girl tried to pet him, but the redtail tore out her eyes. No, I wanted to shout. Tobias, she wasn't a controller. More kids are coming from everywhere. They all ooh and ahhh over the redtail. One by one, with others reaching to pet him, he bites off fingers and hands. The blood collects in a dent in the ground, but soon the dent is too small.

It rushes downhill, a river of blood for all to see.

Then I see Jake reaching to pet the hawk. No. No, Jake, don't. The hawk tears out his heart and plunges him in to the river. Next up a little blond girl strives to touch the hawk. And behind her, Marco waits. One by one they fall into the river until only I am left.

Suddenly, down stream there is a commotion. A bear climbs out of the

river, drenched in blood. Next out is a gorilla, and last but not least a tiger.

They come toward me, surround me, devour me. I am but a small part of them: a young gorilla, grooming his mother; a tiger cub pouncing on my sister; a bear settling down for the cold.

I am one with them; I am one with everyone.

I am the sightless yeerk, the peaceful hork-bajir, the heartless arn, the optimistic andalite. I am chapmen, yearning for my daughters freedom. I am Esplin, fighting for acclaim in the yeerk hierarchy. I am Aldrea, hating and loving both my father and my race; an arrogant andalite, to be sure, but one that saw promise in even a 'stupid' creature.

I understand...everything, everyone...I can not fight, for to fight is to kill myself...one of my selves...

The lowly yeerk, hungry for sight... The hopeless human fighting a doomed war with all I have-my mind... The drug junkie controller, so hungry for a new high that I'd give up my body...

I am all. I am none.

Please Review

End
file.